

# ONE NIGHT OF REST

But It Was Hardly, Says Bill Nye,

FILLED WITH SWEET PEACE

He Loves the Country, But as a Sleeping Place It Might Be Considerably Improved Upon.

BUCK SHOALS, N. C., June.

A night in the country is one of the most restful things I know of for the tired mind. I came here with that idea. I needed rest. I had been troubled with insomnia.

In the early spring I overthought myself. I had one great big, robust thought, but I could not seem to clothe it. Clothing a thought properly so that it will please the public is a gift. Quite a number of the most remarkable children of my brain are still weeping in the great bathroom of the past because they are not suitably clothed.



PULLED THE PITCHER OVER.

Some of them I sent to the Browning club, at Boston, where they are being fitted up. I had intended at first to try New York, but Anthony Comstock never took his clothes off for ten nights, but sat up at the Pennsylvania depot watching every train and ready to hop on the first bare thought I dared to send in for suitable drapery.

So I was nervous and especially wakeful. I came here into the piney forest where a metropolitan sound would be a wonder. I retired early, for I was tired of travel and gorged with man's adulation.

Oh, rock me to sleep, mother.

Rock me to sleep, mother.

I exclaimed. Pretty soon a whippoorwill started up right close to the house. If I had not been nervous I would not have noticed it, but as it was I got sort of irritated, for he went into it so much harder than anybody wanted him to. If he had gone steadily on all night I could have slept, but he did not. He had an impediment in his remarks, and sometimes he would quit right in the middle of the word and I could almost grow mad waiting for him to finish it.

Then the clock in the library struck. It does not strike right, and I wondered how far off it was, so I got up like a tail, white, rectified spirit and began to reach for a match. I have two match holders in my room, so that when one is empty I can always fall back on the other.

I fell back on the other almost the first thing I did. I stepped in a flaxseed poultice and tracked it around over the room while feeling for the match safe with outstretched hands, between which I generally had the edge of a door. The first safe I found after a good deal of delay and annoyance, but it only had the other end of two matches—not the bad end. After I had tried both of them in the usual manner, forgetting that the trousers on which I had generally ignited my matches were on a chair in another part of the room, I began once more to feel around the room for the other match safe, ever and anon crossing my old flaxseed poultice trail.

By and by I judged that I had struck the locality, for I was in the neighborhood of the fireplace. I could smell the old embers. I began to grope, and succeeded in getting both arms up the fine quite a long distance before I knew by the soft, nice feeling of the soot where I was. Then I went back and tried it over again, falling over a chair that had pillow shams on it. In the morning I could see where I fell over the pillow shams and saved myself with my grimy hands.

I now tried the wall, groping along with some care and an occasional dab of soot till I knocked down a picture on a rich and costly Sevres vase which I kept clasped round in my arms to keep my clasped foot in something else hereafter.

By and by I found some more things, but not the match safe. I got sort of wild, and everything about the house seemed so still. Isn't it terrible when a man has that horrible feeling in his own house, as though he might be robbing it?

How glad I am that I never perfected myself as a burglar, as I had intended to do at one time just after I gave up my little paper in the west. For what a life it is; all night work, all among strangers who have no sympathy for one, often coarse people, too, who sleep with their mouths open and their rooms shut. It is just as well, I presume, that I gave it up, for if one cannot find a match box in his own room how could he succeed in finding the concealed purse of a total stranger?

The other match box is over the washstand, and when I found it I did so too earnestly. When you discover anything you should not do it too hard. I knocked down the match safe as I discovered it, and the matches all fell in the water pitcher. I tried to get them out quick, before they got wet, and so pulled the pitcher over on the floor. As the water ran down through the floor upon a friend who is visiting us and paying his board, he rose and followed up the stream. When he got to where I was he told me what o'clock it was and then went to bed again.

So did I. The whippoorwill once more opened up and played his tune over and over again till I put on an old pair of ear muffs and stuck my head into the bedding as far as I could, but I could not get the noise out.

Then at a o'clock an old rooster at the barn seemed to have something on his mind and began to crow till he was black in the face. I was not very hungry for breakfast, but I managed to eat the second joint of that rooster. I wanted it raw, with the feathers on, but the

family thought it would be better fried a little on the outside.

After the rooster an early bird began a roundelay, and a pack of hounds near us made a few statements, lasting till a o'clock; then I was just getting sleepy from actual exhaustion when two cats fell on the roof from a great height, possibly one of some other planet. I judged, and began to bite off and spit out fragments of each other. They did that till the whippoorwill got good and rested. Then he took up the exercises and attended to business until the servants began to get up and open the house preparatory to ushering in a glad some new day.

The country is full of rest and repose and longevity, they tell me, but they are confined largely to deaf people and cows.

During the past week I have been resting quietly and noiselessly trying to grow together again. Two weeks ago I began horseback riding at the suggestion of my physician, who is a thoroughly good man and senior warden and tyler in our church here.

Today my pulse is normal. Respiration noticeable. Temperature 73°.

My physician reports some abrasions and one severe concussion of the cornea. He says that if I had been fatter there would have been a number of flesh wounds.

I was trying my new riding habit from Boston. My riding habit was formed there. But where I erred was in trying the habit without blinding the horse. You can't come into full bloom that way all of a sudden on a horse that has had no advantages and who has never been accustomed to a great big burst of loveliness.

So we came home from the trial by different roads. When my wife saw the palfrey coming home wearing the saddle over his stomach, she said that it was just like me to send home the horse draped that way just to please the dear ones before I got there myself.

My fall reminded me very much of Adam's, it was so sudden and so hard. I fell more painfully than the author of "Beautiful Snow," but I can overcome it in society quicker. It was the most painful thing that has happened since the war, and inside of twenty minutes I met all the people of North and South Carolina with whom I am acquainted, besides seventy or eighty from New York, who are here for their health and watching to see better people fall off their horses.

I have always said that the roads here should be macadamized, but if they can be upholstered at the same price it would suit me better.

This horse grew up on the frontier, and is a sort of self made horse. Civilization scares him almost to death. So he unsaddled me as though I had been the snap delegate of a ramp convention. I still remain so.

A correspondent from Ocala wants to know which, in my judgment, is Walt Whitman's most enjoyable poem.

Without hesitation I would say that the most enjoyable one, because the only one, harring "My Captain," perhaps, which I can understand without overstimulating myself, is one containing the following:

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self contained. I stand and look at them long and long. They do not sweat and whine about their condition.

They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins; They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God.

Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things; Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago; Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

It is no more poetry, perhaps, than the annual tax list for 1892, but it has ideas in it, and ideas are going to hurt no man.

Poetry is a queer thing. I enjoy it where I find it unconventional and from the heart. Mr. Riley writes me from Duluth, and drops into poetry so gently and so gracefully that I must run the risk of vexing him by quoting a page from his letter.

"But," he writes, "what shall I tell you of my first impression of America as I set foot on Duluth soil—or in it rather—for it is raining still, as it has been for the last few months, in a way that seems very hard to overcome. Albeit, as Brother Brightwaters might cheerily remark:

"Oh! what so grand as a May day scene? The fields are green and the woods are green. And the skies are soft as the cooling dove You have heard so highly spoken of."

"Back several miles from here I began to note evidence of northern latitude, as compared with that so recently left in Indiana. For instance, although I had three pairs of underclothing, I noted with regret that I was wearing two pairs of them in my grip and not where my third pair was growing, oh, so cold and distant. Then quite a few knit jackets on low, soggy and sinister passengers began to appear, who talked in unaccustomed tongues and with a dialect that smelled fishy and of a sort of glittery yellow-whisky tang that never yet was seen on sea or land. Also at the stations along the route began to appear the object which the curious tourist first takes for a dead cow imperfectly buried, but which upon nearer approach proves to be our old friend with the buffalo overcoat that offtimes barks and snarls at our acute sensibilities as we jolt onward with the grand march of civilization. But the dear old bovine overcoat is going!"

"It is wearing awa', Jean, Like snow when it's thaw, Jean, And its hamboes are a', Jean, As bald as the tomb!"

"There's cork there and cork, Jean, And wear and tear there, Jean, But there's mighty little hair, Jean, Uncocked up the flume!"

"This word is a little obscure in the original, but looks like 'deemed' or 'denied,' but evidently it is neither of these. B. N. Poetry like this does not bear the marks of the coldchisel, and the smell of blasting powder is not on it, but oh! how truthful it is! How the buffalo overcoat of the northwest, with red flannel lining to it, and the odor of the tepes and the dead and unchlorided past rises up before the eye of one as one reads these simple yet truthful lines to one's self."

"It is wearing awa', Jean, Like snow when it's thaw, Jean, And its hamboes are a', Jean, As bald as the tomb!"

"There's cork there and cork, Jean, And wear and tear there, Jean, But there's mighty little hair, Jean, Uncocked up the flume!"

"This word is a little obscure in the original, but looks like 'deemed' or 'denied,' but evidently it is neither of these. B. N. Poetry like this does not bear the marks of the coldchisel, and the smell of blasting powder is not on it, but oh! how truthful it is! How the buffalo overcoat of the northwest, with red flannel lining to it, and the odor of the tepes and the dead and unchlorided past rises up before the eye of one as one reads these simple yet truthful lines to one's self."

"It is wearing awa', Jean, Like snow when it's thaw, Jean, And its hamboes are a', Jean, As bald as the tomb!"

"There's cork there and cork, Jean, And wear and tear there, Jean, But there's mighty little hair, Jean, Uncocked up the flume!"

"This word is a little obscure in the original, but looks like 'deemed' or 'denied,' but evidently it is neither of these. B. N. Poetry like this does not bear the marks of the coldchisel, and the smell of blasting powder is not on it, but oh! how truthful it is! How the buffalo overcoat of the northwest, with red flannel lining to it, and the odor of the tepes and the dead and unchlorided past rises up before the eye of one as one reads these simple yet truthful lines to one's self."

THE BOSTON STORE

WE WILL PLACE ON SALE

## Monday Morning

AN EXTENSIVE LINE OF

# Ladies' Muslin Underwear!

## In Two Lots.

One lot embracing Ladies' Chemises, Skirts, Drawers, Gowns, etc., at 23c each.

One lot embracing Ladies' Chemises, Skirts, Drawers, Gowns, etc., at 46c each.

# Millinery. Millinery.

A Grand One Week Sale on Millinery Goods, Ribbons, Flowers and Hats, from 75c to 1.00, for 25c.

This Sale should be a sharp and effective one, and ladies would do well to be at these departments as early in the forenoon as possible. Everything strictly as represented.

THE BOSTON STORE. TRANKLA, JAMIESON & CO.

THE BOSTON STORE

**DIAMOND JEWELRY**  
**WEDDING GIFTS.**

SPECIAL DESIGNS  
FOR  
NEW WORK.

J. C. HERKNER  
57  
MONROE  
STREET.

**SPECTACLES FITTED**  
BY A  
**Competent Optician.**

**Swick & Kelso Piano**

A Piano not for a day, but for a life time. A Piano that will sing its own praise. Every note is as clear as a bell. Every chord in perfect harmony. Every part evenly balanced. The piano must be seen and heard to be appreciated.

A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE.  
**E. J. SWICK, Manufacturer's Agt.**  
199 Third Avenue, Grand Rapids, Mich.

## FLOWERS

—FOR—

### WEDDINGS, PARTIES

And Funerals

A Specialty.

**T. R. RENWICK & CO.**  
Telephone 148. 123 Monroe St

## MICHIGAN PRINTERS

Will find it to their best interests to get our prices on TYPE AND PRINTERS' IMPLEMENTS of all kinds, as well as FLAT PAPERS, CARDBOARDS, RULED HEADINGS, etc. We are the largest Printers' Supply House in the State. Write for Catalogue and Discounts.

**HARRIS' PAPER HOUSE.**  
53 North Iowa St. Grand Rapids, Mich.

**EDL. GILL**  
LIVERY  
AND  
BOARDING STABLE

83 and 85 North Division Street.

BROUGHAMS, COACHES, CABRIOLETS, WAGONS.

A very fine three-seat buckboard made by Chas. Dawson just added to stock.

WEDDINGS AND FUNERALS A SPECIALTY.

Telephone 678.

**THE Fountain-st. Livery,**

Hack and Boarding Stables,

Cor. Fountain and Iowa-sts.

H. A. GREENLEY, Proprietor.

**FUNERAL, WEDDING,**

Calling and Orders

A Specialty.

OPEN ALL NIGHT.

**OUTFITS**

FOR

**COTTAGES,**

**OUTFITS FOR HOTELS,**

**Outfits for Homes.**

Everything in Crochery, Glassware and Lamps. Call on us for estimates.

**W. S. & J. E. GRAHAM,**

Cor. South Division and Fulton streets.

**LOCKSMITH**

A. E. ALBERTIE, 58 Pearl-st.

Keys, Scale Repairing, Saw Filing and a Kind of Job Work.

**WELL, I GUESS SO! HOT!**

O no! Just lukewarm, compared to what it will be. So says the weather prophet. Well, what need you care?

**WE CAN KEEP YOU COOL.**

**STRAW HATS, - - from 50c to 3.00**

**NEGLIGEE SHIRTS, - - from 75c to 3.50**

**SUMMER UNDERWEAR, from 50c to 1.25**

And what you buy of us you will always find right in style, good in quality, and reasonable in price.



## 250,000 FEET

Is a low estimate of the RED DIAMOND BRAND OF GARDEN HOSE

Placed in the market. If you have used the brand you know its worth. If not enquire of your neighbors. Introduced by us in this city fifteen years ago.

*Weatherly & Datta 62 & 64 Pearl*

VALLEY CITY IRON WORKS. ERIE AND MILL ST. NEBY

## ADOLPH LEITELT,

MANUFACTURER OF

### Steam Engines and others, and General Mill Machinery

WHEELS, LUMBER DRYER, LESLIE'S IMPROVED VEERER CUTTER, Steam engine, etc. etc. Improved Sawmills, Iron and Brass Castings, Building Castings, etc.